FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

"For a world united in prayer"

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FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

Founded by Carl Allison Evans (1880-1956)

Our purpose: To promote the practice of prayer among all religious faiths whose fundamental belief is in God, regardless of race, creed, or color, and whose tenets include the universal attributes of truth, honesty, justice and mercy, that thereby there may arise a closer relation to Almighty God and a deeper spirit of fellowship among mankind.

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EDITORIAL

UNDER THE EXPERT CARE OF THE TRUTH

WHEN I was young, the fundamental questions of existence were, to me, as for many youngsters, personal problems of the most excruciating kind. My thoughts on life, death, and God Himself—I suppose I ought really to say, my feelings concerning them—invariably came to me when I was in bed at night. They upset me so that I would sit up and often have to get out of bed and pace and sometimes hold my head with my hands in order to bear and contain my mental panic.

These youthful anxieties, which certainly were as painful as any I have had to endure, seem to be common. Most of my friends, anyhow, went through similar agonies. But I kept most of these terrors up until not so long ago. I am aware that this simply reflects on the fact that no one matures with either much steadiness, completeness or grace (we are in bloom here and tardy if not just plain nipped-in-the-bud elsewhere): and on my own shocking slowness—I am fifty-two now and, in all frankness, I have to admit that only after a great deal of self-examination, thought, and prayer in recent years have I managed to grow to the maturity that one would ordinarily expect of a none-too-promising twenty-year old.

Nonetheless late-blooming does allow one the advantage of full consciousness of what's up. And in the past twelve months (from December to December) I have gone through two experiences which—I am able to see very clearly—have taught me more than the previous twelve, twenty- four, and possibly even thirty-six years.

I speak of these personal experiences for no reason other than to communicate with other human beings, our traditions and trust in amenities having been blown down and cut so completely that I believe we can understand what's up solely on the simplest most personal level of utterance.

The first of these events was the death a year ago December of my mother. This by an unusual stroke of good fortune was the first experience of death I had had which was close and of undoubted importance to me. No doubt it was the death which mattered more to me than any other I will experience other than my own. I know I had dreaded and feared it from the days when I was a youngster scared of the dark. Yet, when it happened right out of the blue, I found it—to my astonished relief and happiness and even joy—to be a happening that I could accept without any protest whatever. Knowing what I knew of her life, feeling as I felt about her, I was able to gaze at her in her coffin with certainty that she was already receiving her reward. I saw only the bliss of her release. I rejoiced for her. And my feeling ever since has been that she has never been so near to me, so always with me. I cannot analyze this confidence I feel within me, nor hand you a theological explanation or argument in proof thereof: I simply know it.

The second experience that educated me in some of the most elementary and (I suppose) profound aspects of life was my own run-in with serious affliction and the real possibility of death in the December just past. This also was a first experience for me and, like my neurotic and yet absolutely genuine dread of losing my mother, it was something I had devoted many long nights of thoughts and nerves to. And again to my astonishment and relief I found the actual experience much less frightening than I had ever imagined, although the pain that hit me so unexpectedly was both excruciating and totally different from any pain I had ever felt before. I did not panic at the real thing. And as I lay in the Coronary Care Unit I suffered no fear of further pain and breathlessness and certainly no dread whatever of death. I accepted the truth. And the truth, I discovered, took care of me in return. It seemed to cradle me in its arms and hush me through and through.

I am reporting on these two experiences, so highly important to me, so that you can share some of the confidence they have supplied me. If you are like me, you are interested to hear of what happens to other people even if (also like me) you probably won't learn very much from their reports. But let me assure you that in these two experiences in which every impulse and sensation of my

being was equivalent to prayer, I was not only taken care of expertly by the truth, I was freed of fear of any description.

And I am noting this for my own sake as well as yours, since I have also been conscious of the fact that it has only been as I began to get well and started to think again of resuming the duties and pleasures and other aspects of the existence that I have already lost some of that perfect trust which I had when nothing existed for me but the truth, which (I see it more and more) is the same as God. —*P. G.*

THESIS

Death is not a period
bringing the sentence of life to
a close
like the spilling of a moment
or the dissolution of an hour.

Death is a useful comma
which punctuates, and labors to
convince
of more to follow.

—*William Walter DeBolt*

HOW TO ACCEPT LIFE

Mildred Long

TO accept life is one of the hardest lessons we have to learn. It is difficult for us to remember and truly believe these words of Paul the Apostle: "For we know that all things work together for good to those who love God, to them that are called according to His purpose." Perhaps the stumbling block is that our love is not complete and our dedication to His will is not perfect. To accept life offers the supreme test. Job came out of all his troubles saying, "Though He slay me yet will I trust Him."

We think we trust Him. But when sickness comes or "disaster" strikes, we often find out we are resisting. We are saying, "Why?" and "What for?" We are pleading, "God, take away the pain." It seems to be just human nature to resist what does not please us.

Life has continually forced me into circumstances to test me in this area. Even as I write this, I am again being tested at this point. And I ask myself, "How do I accept?"

If we resist, we are not relaxing. To resist life—whatever it may be—is resisting God. For God is our life. There are many kinds of resistance: anxiety, fear, resentment, bitterness, anger. Even irritation is a form of resistance.

To resist life is to stop the flow of God's action, and it cuts us off from His guidance and power. To relax in the face of difficulty, holding His peace within, will allow God's spirit to have sway.

Jesus was not disturbed by winds or waves. He had authority because He had peace within.

Before an onslaught, let go, go limp. Let the wave wash over you, and you will come out on the other side unhurt. Refuse to get excited or worried about the problem. Wait a bit in quiet expectancy, expecting some provision for the handling of the situation. Many a word-battle is prevented because one party is silent.

Many a problem becames less of one when met with calmness.

This calmness is one aspect of faith. We need to train our thinking to remember God is always with us, never forsakes us and has infinite resources. Remember I Corinthians 10:13: "For God is faithful who will not suffer you to be tested above that ye are able, but will with the testing make a way of escape that you may be able to bear it." We must cultivate faith in God and in His promises. We can also look back on our lives, most of us, and observe from this side how He brought us through the trial victoriously, or how He blessed us in the accepting of it.

We shall never be quite willing to accept life unless we are fully surrendered to His will, unless we believe His will is love and nothing can come to us except it come through His love. The Psalmist said, "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him; and He will bring it to pass." If we really love and trust Him, we will turn the whole matter over to Him and wait for His guidance or His redemption. Then there is no struggle of heart or mind. It is all trust and peace.

Wouldn't it be wonderful to live that way? Let us see how we can do this.

There is a story of a lady who because of an accident seemed to be destined to be a wheelchair invalid. One of her friends sadly remarked, "Well, this will certainly color the rest of your life." "Yes," she replied smiling, "but I intend to choose the color."

Pain, sorrow, trouble of some kind come to all of us just because we live in this world. Our attitude toward the circumstance, whatever it is that looks like adversity, is all-important. The late Glenn Clark, one of the masters of the prayer life, said, "Love it; turn it right side up and see only the good in it."

Love it? Love the pain, the anguish, the expense it caused, the loss of work-hours? Love it?

Yes, love it. First, because as a child of God, I am supposed to recognize that nothing comes to me except through His love; that nothing is lost in His economy; that He can turn disaster to triumph, and loss to gain; and that He will do this if

we cooperate with His law of life.

Love it because you can use it as a stepping-stone to greater spiritual growth. By giving it over to God, and in the giving, surrendering self completely to know His will in it all, its entire bearing on life can be changed. The road to spiritual heights is like a series of steps toward a goal. It lifts the spirit nearer the blue sky of God's purpose.

Love it because it makes you one with all suffering humanity. Now you understand other people and their problems better. Now you know how to sympathize. But more, you can help the other person turn his misfortune to advantage because he sees you doing the same.

Love it just because it is, because you love life and you love God. Can any of us say of life, "This is good, I will accept it; and this is bad, I will discard it"? The diamond has a black, rough exterior. Shall we throw it away? The earth contains coal and oil and valuable minerals. Shall we fail to uncover and use these? By faith and hope and love we explore the vicissitudes of life and draw forth jewels of spiritual understanding.

Acceptance means a quiet, trusting dedication to God's will and way. This means appreciating the glories of this world; flowing with the flow of life; attaining harmony with oneself; coming into balance with life's rhythms, such as the ebb and flow of the tides, and the changing of the seasons.

This involves letting God change our sorrows into joy and our failure into success; living in quiet trust, knowing that all is well because we are in God's care; for He said, "I will never leave you nor forsake you."

Love it because it sends you back to God to seek His strength, His infilling, that you may rise above it and become master of circumstances. This is the greatest asset of all. It can lift the soul one step nearer the goal of partaking of the divine nature.

Therefore, let us pray with Glenn Clark: "Father, we would be wholly, utterly Thine; closer than breathing, nearer than hands and feet. We would be filled with Thee, oh Father, that we may give, give, give to the uttermost that Thy glory may be manifest in man."

S I L E N C E

By Mildred Seydell

And SILENCE like a poultice, comes
To heal the blows of SOUND.
Homes

NOISE reduces the ability to remain calm and thoughtful. Noise produces nervousness with all its harm and hurt. Ear-splitting din with clatter and clutter and racket and uproar is overpowering the STILL SMALL VOICE of God.

In silence comes all loveliness;
The dawn is ever still.
No noise accompanies the dew
That glistens on the hill.

And prayer is best in solitude...
It seems so very odd
That, long before, I did not know
In silence I'd find God.

—Jane Sayre

THE REALMS OF FEAR AND HOPE

Michaelina Buonocore

The gullible and vacillating heart
gripped by a frightening incertitude
between fulfillment of dreams close by
yet as remote as the unreachable stars
. . .grapples between the realms of fear and hope.

The soul sways in suspenseful loneliness
as the pendulum's momentum rises
swings mercilessly in precarious balance
amidst the antipoles of fear and hope.

A journey within the innermost regions
in the domain of absolute stillness
the spirit reaches the roots of being
in communion with sparks of divinity.

Within deep recesses—the gist of spirit
reveals each mortal's heirship as a partner
in his Creator's invisible intent
and some of life's mysterious design.

The heart has need of tears as well as joy
with alternating moods from birth to death
then as dark passions of frenzied fear ebb
the energy that flows from trembling heart
. . .propels the miracle—The Light of Hope.

OPEN LETTER TO MY CHILDREN

Katherine B. March

I KNOW that you each blame the other when your marriage seems ready to topple, as your tempers flare.

You were so much in love and eager to marry. Think of that. Be more patient with one another. Each has some faults. Perfection cannot be expected. Take time to discuss the things that irritate you. Do so calmly. Shouting at one another or complaining to outsiders only magnifies the difficulty. Be polite to one another. Each is a human being and should be treated as such. Be honest with one another—then you have nothing to hide. Be considerate—that should not end, now that you are married.

Never let the sun set on your anger. Oh, I know, each feels the other should give in first. But you should not wait. Giving in first does not always mean it was your fault. Always kiss before you go to sleep. One never knows what tomorrow has in store.

Do not waste these precious years, they are gone all too soon. Regrets will not bring them back. Be kind to one another —your love will be the better for it. Have some hobby that you can enjoy together. Or take walks—nature, the trees budding and flowers blooming make one feel good.

Talk of pleasant things at the dinner table. Each has had some unpleasant moments during the day—save discussion of those things until the proper time. Try to be nice to one another's family and friends. They'll grow on you eventually.

Attend church. You will find a peace and contentment that will warm your heart. Pray for guidance. Respect one another. Be kind. Truly your love will grow!

God bless you both.

Love,

Mom

Thoughts are like plants: They need constant care.

—*Aarno Davidson*

IF

Phyllis B. Crockett

If a mere bee
Can build a leaf-lined nest
The shape of a vase
Decorated with strawberry petals—

Then mere man
Should build a stream-lined life
The shape of the Pearl
Decorated with achievement medals;

And mere woman
Should mould a gleam-lined vest
The shape of His grace
Decorated with true-kindness petals.

HIS PRESENCE

Ann D. Franklin

I feel His presence in my solitude,
And even when my world resounds with noise.
Somehow He gives my life an inner poise,
His gifts are of a special magnitude.
I thank Him daily for His being near,
His presence helps to keep my vision clear.

A Story by C. T. Bowden

IN the last hour of daylight, when the sun gave way to electricity, they gathered. Loners, some in pairs holding hands, and others in small groups. Long hair and beards hid their youth; all were under thirty. Only a few carried belongings or a guitar hanging from the shoulder. Bare feet and sandals, loose-fitting robes, their dress was reminiscent of a past age.

There were no designated leaders, or orders given. In a few minutes between the park's only fountain and the trunks of two large trees, they were situated. No formal introductions occurred. Many friendly acquaintances were formed as they shared day-old bakery bread and cheap wine. Battered pocket-volumes of poetry and philosophy appeared the last minutes before dusk. Some smoked. The troubadors plucked guitars lackadaisically.

From the darkness, voices dissented, commented, and discussed the issues of the day, and mankind's future. Brief friendly debates. They probed man's problems and failures as they were, not as they seemed to be or, in the speakers' opinion, as they should be. By a wide margin, the problems outweighed the solutions.

One who had remained silent earlier now spoke only when he was questioned. His voice expounded with maturity and enthrallment. His words came unhesitantly, with the richness of deep knowledge. In appearance he seemed no older than other senior members of the group. When asked if he would return for future meetings, he replied that he was on a long journey and even this night must resume his travels.

When the hour was late, fewer voices asked for audience. Shawls and ragged blankets appeared to serve as covering. Sleep overcame the group.

The traveler arose and walked from the park. He skirted the edge of the city, observing all about him with interest. No event was too important or too minor to escape his attention. As he moved among the people, he noted that from everywhere

man was beckoned by neon. The hours for rest and meditation were spent rushing to pursue rich food, strong drink, and lustful entertainment. Always, man made use of his slave, gasoline, which his feet forced into the lungs of powerful engines. The traveler read from their faces anxiety, eagerness, discontent, and sometimes fear.

Dawn erased the night slowly. The sun outshone all man-made illumination, causing for a short time the city to seem calm and the world at peace. Then, he noted, man rushed to offices and factories in pursuit of profit and achievement, measuring his life by a clock and his worth by money. The traveler read from the faces anxiety, eagerness, discontent, and sometimes greed.

The traveler walked from the city across the countryside. As in the city, he observed all that took place around him. When at last he rested his body, he meditated.

The days passed, and the traveler knew that soon his journey must end. He knew, too, that at the end of the journey there must be a decision. Still he walked and searched. He looked for the good in people. He found transgression overshadowing beneficence.

Man had chained the elements and domesticated the savage beast. He also maintained steel prisons to restrain the defaulters of his own species. To his less fortunate neighbors, man praised brotherhood and democracy, yet within his cities prejudice and bigotry were daily practiced. Man talked of peace and wrote of a prosperous future, while he stocked weapons of massive destruction.

The traveler's mind was troubled, and his duty lay heavy upon him. Once he thought of asking for help, but he refrained. He walked onward until the sound of laughter of small voices attracted him. Approaching a schoolyard, he saw children running and playing. The child nearest him was a girl of five — blond hair flying in the breeze as she chased a woolly, homeless puppy. She squealed with delight as she picked up the puppy at the traveler's feet.

Holding the prize cuddled to her chest, blue eyes raised,

"This is your doggie? Can I hold it?" she asked in one breath.

The traveler answered in a gentle voice filled with promise, "It is yours to keep."

The others gathered to see and touch the puppy. White, black, and brown small hands reached out to feel the bundle of fur. All hands were rewarded by the touch of a little pink tongue. The children, all talking at once, jumped up and down with excitement. The puppy's tail wagged vigorously in acceptance of his newfound friends.

The traveler watched their faces. There he saw curiosity, interest, trust, and love!

In the cool of the evening, he walked to a place on the hillside. The earth was covered not with manmade substance, but with Nature's dew-wet grass and a few free flowers.

Here the traveler clasped his hands and knelt. Raising his eyes upward, he spoke: "My father, the time has not come. There is still hope!"

POEM

Infinite Power, eternal Lord,
  How sov'reign is thy hand!
All nature rose t'obey thy word,
  And moves at thy command.

With steady course the shining sun
  Keeps his appointed way,
And all the hours obedient run
  The circle of the day.

—*John Wesley*

(Courtesy of Juliet Crist)

GOD ALMIGHTY OUR CONFESSOR

Chronicle of Reality No. 91 by George Edwin Burnell

THE mastery of the Christian system was and is that a man has in him the fathomless ability, transmitted to him from Eternity itself, to eart loose from black chaos the Image-Man; for Jesus' disciples obtained the energy of that omnipotent engine of perfection.

I should like to tell you of that confession which lifts one out of the grave itself, as it did the magnificent Lord of all, by whom the Supreme showed to man what He could do and what He would do for any being who could stand face to face, in infinite, childlike innocence, before the Mind and the body of that supreme. unutterable Lord of all.

This world is beautiful and perfect. You may have called it material and desperate, because of some historical sense or personal depravity which has caught your attention and observing energies. But I say to you that the paradise is spread this night, equipped with angels, for your disposal and disposition, should you be willing to be honest, so that you might elicit the prophecy and confession of Him who is honesty itself, truth itself, justice itself, goodness itself, life itself! There is no answer to lying. There is every answer of simplicity and power to the confession with the face of innocence towards Him who is eternal perfection; for the Almighty offers to confess you.

(Contributed by Mrs. Samuel Chamberlain)

ZOOM!

Life is a jet trip
from here to eternity
with no returning.

—Lucile Ward Yarbrough

WHO IS EDUCATED?

A Professor in Chicago is reported to have given the following test to his pupils. He told them they were not really educated unless they could say yes to all these questions:

1. Has your education given you sympathy with all good causes and made you espouse them?
2. Has it made you public-spirited?
3. Has it made you a brother to the weak?
4. Have you learned how to make friends and to keep them?
5. Do you know what it is to be a friend yourself?
6. Can you look an honest man or a pure woman straight in the eye?
7. Do you see anything to love in a little child?
8. Will a lonely dog follow you down the street?
9. Can you be high-minded and happy in the mean drudgeries of life?
10. Do you think washing dishes and hoeing corn just as compatible with high thinking as piano playing or golf?
11. Are you good for anything to yourself? Can you be happy alone?
12. Can you look out on the world and see anything but dollars and cents?
13. Can you look into a mud puddle by the way-side and see anything in the puddle but mud?
14. Can you look into the sky at night and see beyond the stars?
15. Can your soul claim relationship with the Creator?

—*Leaves of God*
(From MIRA)

OF FINDING GOD IN NATURE

Louise Kidder Sparrow

HAD I possibly gone so far as to feel that religion and philosophy were interchangeable? No. Philosophy is allied to the mind of man, religion more to his heart and spirit. Examples spring to mind: "Great Jove, give us what is good for us and ward off what would harm us even though we pray for it." And: "Thy will be done." As The New Universal Dictionary makes clear: "*Philosophy: the study of origins and principles; the cultivation of an even mind and disposition. Religion: the recognition of supernatural powers and of the duty of mankind to obey them, etc. . . .*"

We wish above all to remind our readers of the universality of our aspirations, hopes and fears, strivings toward perfection, backslidings, contritions, joys and trust, all expressed in prayer. Whatever "paths" we follow, all lead to God.

One thought suggests another. Where do we see and feel the great "invisible" spirit of God more vividly than in nature, whose wonders and glories are in all the universe—touching and influencing all creatures and all living creations on earth, in the air, in the seas?

We find fellowship in prayer throughout all ages and all climes and all hearts, especially whenever we experience the ineffable joy of cosmic consciousness—of complete at-oneness with God in nature.

"*How can I claim to have known Thee, when the entire creation is bewildered by Thy mystery, and how can I claim not to have known Thee, when, lo, the whole universe proclaimeth Thy Presence and testifieth to Thy Truth?*"—Baha'u'llah.

Among many lovely tributes to nature I once culled the following (beginning naturally with the Chinese):

"*Of the things that are good, only study is good without accompanying evil; the love of mountains and rivers is good without accompanying evil; taking pleasure in the moon, the breeze, flowers and bamboos is good without accompanying evil;*

sitting in upright posture in silence is good without accompanying evil.''

Aristotle: *''The most precious thing we have to spend is time.''*

Whitman:

''....Strong and content I travel the openroad
Now I see the secret of the making of the best persons,
It is to grow in the open air, and to eat and sleep with the earth.
Allons! with power, liberty, the earth, the elements!
Health, defiance, gayety, self-esteem, curiosity;
Allons! from all formulas!

Allons! to that which is endless as it was beginningless,
To know the universe itself as a road—as many roads—as roads for travelling souls.''

Mr. Justice McReynolds, lately of our Supreme Court, wrote me on many occasions: ''The country is the place for quiet and for the real things of life. The country is the place to find contentment—there is the home of peace.''

When the country comes to mind, one instantly begins to think of all the beautiful poems inspired by it. Both ancient and modern poets have sung its praises. From an ''Invitation'' from Horace to his patron and friend Maecenas, we quote:

Dear noble friend! A Virgin cask
Of wine solicits your attention;
And roses fair to deck your hair,
And things too numerous to mention.
So tear yourself awhile away
From urban turmoil, pride and splendor,
And deign to share what humble fare
And sumptuous fellowship I tender.
The sweet content retirement brings
Smoothes out the ruffled front of kings....

Pliny tells us: ''There was a little hill called Corne, in the territory of Tusculum, not far from the city of Rome, that was clad and beautified with a grove and tufts of beech trees. One of these

was of such surpassing beauty that Passenius Crispus, a celebrated orator, who was twice Consul and who afterward married the Empress Agrippina, was so fond of it that not only did he like to repose in its shade, but frequently poured wine on its roots, and used often to embrace it."

Abraham Cowley in 1631 wrote:

"This only grant me, that my means may lie
Too low for envy, for contempt too high....
Acquaintance I would have, but when't depends
Not on the number, but the choice of friends....
My house a cottage more
Then palace; and should fitting be
For all my use, no luxury.
My garden painted o'er
With nature's hand, not art's; and pleasures yield
Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

Thus would I double my life's fading space;
For he that runs it well, twice runs his race.
And in this true delight
These unbought sports, this happy state,
I would not fear, nor wish, my fate,
But boldly say each night,
Tomorrow let my sun his beams display,
Or in clouds hide them; I have lived today."

HIS MARKS

Lillian Hammer

The man, like the leaves,
Becomes a part of the soil;
But the man, leaves his marks
on the earth.

TEN COMMANDMENTS ON TIME AND PACE

Aarno Davidson

THOU SHALT *NOT* WASTE TIME:
S quandering time saps our physical, mental
and spiritual energies.

THOU *SHALT* ALWAYS BE ON TIME:
Punctuality, like courtesy, is one of
the noblest of human virues.

THOU SHALT *NOT* TAX ONE'S TIME FOR SELFISH GAIN:
Exploiting another's time is as wrong
as stealing his property.

THOU *SHALT* RESERVE TIME FOR PLAY AND RELAXATION:
To relax in a tense world is as pertinent
as breathing unpolluted air.

THOU SHALT *NOT* HASTEN TO CONDEMN:
Condemnation breeds hatred inflicting wounds
on the hated *and* the hater.

THOU *SHALT* REPOSE EIGHT HOURS DAILY:
Restful sleep is a God-sent rejuvenation
for mind, body and soul.

THOU SHALT *NOT* USE THY SPARE TIME THOUGHTLESSLY:
Leisure is precious privilege. Used wisely
we become one with the Creator.

THOU *SHALT* TAKE TIME OUT FOR PRAYER AND MEDITATION:
The gateway to relaxation. Prayer opens it –
curative balm for most human ills.

THOU SHALT *NOT* PROCRASTINATE WORTHWHILE TASKS:
Yesterday is corroded iron, tomorrow plated brass,
today twenty-four carat gold.

THOU *SHALT* PRIZE HOURS OF LABOR AS THOSE OF PLAY:
Only then Time and Pace provide the golden key
to gates of terrestrial felicities.

THE LONG JOURNEY

Josepha Murray Emms

I traveled back in memory
The path that I had trod;
Discerning in my traveling days
That I was led by God.

He smoothed the pebbles where I walked
To ease my weary feet;
And though at times my heart was crushed
I did not seek retreat.

Of course, sometimes I did rebel...
The human part of me;
But deep inside I knew His way
Led to Eternity.

Now that the journey nears its end,
Peace fills my heart anew;
I strive to live to please my Lord...
Do what He'd have me do.

Meditation is the golden gateway to relaxation
Prayer opens it.

—*Aarno Davidson*

OLD MAN MOSE

Velta Myrle Allen

Many years ago my family lived only a few miles from General Grant Park, high up in the Sierra Mountains and about ten miles from an Indian village.

Our closest neighbor was Ole Man Mose who had located up there when he was a young fellow—no one ever found out why nor bothered to ask him. His home was quite adequate, though crude, with a big living room, rafters above and a huge fireplace that was always ablaze with large smoke-spiralling pine logs. A favorite mounted deer's head with long antlers hung over it, and Ole Man Mose could easily toss his hat in its direction without looking and never miss domiciling it. He said he "didn't want no wimmin folks around messin' up his kitchen, 'cause he could make the best corn pone ye ever set your teeth into." The apple and other fruitbearing trees which he had planted years before provided more than he could use, so he gave it to anyone who happened to stop or he would take it to the Indian village to the "folks".

Ole Man Mose was not only a good neighbor, he was a good human being. He became advisor to the few families that had settled there. They were glad for all his information on where to find the wild berries, nuts, cucumbers, herbs, the best hunting for boar, and other useful provisions for a good life which nature so abundantly provided. Sometimes he sat around the campfire and related stories true or false, for our information and enjoyment. His favorite was about a young Indian couple who "eloped" in a small canoe by placing it in the flume of water which carried the newly sawed lumber to the valley. His elaborations on this were different and better every time he told it.

We made camp one night at Hume to see the felled trees being shoved to the massive machinery where sharp, jagged saw blades reduced them to planks. Then they were placed in the

wooden flumes that ran constantly with water and were slanted to a degree that carried it swiftly to its destination through the picturesque winding canyons. We walked over "corduroy" bridges and the dirt roads. We hunted for "buried treasure" that Old Man Mose told us "might" have existed.

So it was this old well-informed and interesting mountaineer who helped us to enjoy a year-and-a-half in this virgin, lush country. And it was Old Mose who told us about the Indian village ten miles away and added, "They might invite you to share rattlesnake meat with them."

At this time the village was called "Squaw Valley". It was here we went once a month on Sunday, gathering together folks who lived nearby, and packed baskets with goodies and jogged over the rough roads, for horse drawn vehicles were the means of transportation.

Our meeting place was the one-room school house where we gathered for our hymn service, followed by a sermon from a visiting guest. There was an interpreter for the sermon, but the singing of hymns was an individual experience and the movement of lips and tones belied any disbelief that they did not know the words. There was possibly two hundred Indians in that one room schoolhouse.

On dismissal, greetings were exchanged with gracious exchange of friendship. Outside we spread papers and then tablecloths on the ground, placed our food from the baskets. Yes, there was rattlesnake meat, among other delicacies!

But before we partook of the food, the medicine men thanked the Great Mystery for all blessings and associations. Then he told us much of nature, wherein God eternally dwells and even though man may try to disturb or improve this mysterious creation, he cannot change the color of the sky, count the stars, change the distance between the earth and sky, the seasons, the direction of the winds, for God is the Father of all, and we are "Brothers". And concluding that though we take different paths to the Great Hunting Ground beyond the sky where the birds fly, our goal is the same. It was truly a communion of kindred spirits and with many the clasp of the hand and a smile was the understanding between us that eliminated any differences. . . .

THE CRUNCH

By Florence De Groat

THE key to our work is the knowledge of our own subconscious.

Once we know that we are *in fact* Sons and Daughters of the Most High, and are convinced that the only joy, freedom, and fulfillment lie in integrating our psyche so that we act as such—automatically, not just under duress, we begin to wonder what actuslly does ail us.

What ails us is in our subcon xcious. We have lived thousands of times before on earth and have made mistakes which have formed habit-compulsions so that even contrary to our present good intentions we find ourselves, as Paul said, saying and doing that which we "would not" and omitting that which our Real Self bids us do at all costs.

Study the subconscious (watch yourself constantly) and you will see where the trouble lies. No, there is nowhere in the universe any legitimate cause for self-pity. No one is imprisoned except by self. No one is underprivileged except by the same. No one is born disadvantaged except of his own doing. For believe us, the subconscious holds many a dark story from past ages and these are the seeds of our life experience today. BUT these can be redeemed instantaneously as Jesus proved, by His constant soul and body healing, once we are willing to face up to them and apply the Christ Presence, which is the recognition of our Sonship—our perfection in the deepest area of our Being wherein we are Sons and Daughters of the Most High.

Naturally this recognition will involve a knockdown-drag-out battle with the compulsions existing in our subconscious from lifetimes back. But one night of genuine battle against these age-old tie-ups will show us the beginning of liberation so that we shall be encouraged to pursue the trail *and win.* If we must

even die trying, this life of self-conquest is still the real Life and the only Life. Instead of canned emotion whipped up on TV or elsewhere, we have the true drama within ourselves. And, *if we follow our Christ perceptions,* we are, in spite of horrendous appearances, *acting* this super-drama and *winning.* We have rejected the old life of merely walking through days of false fantasy as if the case when we indulge in self-pity, escapism and self-aggrandizement.

Since the work which we are suggesting is the study of *Life,* plus the application of God-Christ principles in all areas of earth-experience, we can put into these remarks only the very barest skeleton of a suggested program of procedure. If we can but speak your desire and your perception of the victory which can be yours for the trying, however, we know that your Inner Christ will throw up to you the challenges, the helps and the revelations which you need as you go along. We can merely point up a few of the human pitfalls so that you may see that others have similar problems to yours and so be encouraged to use the potent help which the Lord Christ gave in Galilee and which His agents are disseminating today in the global redemption which is taking place. So far in our race history, it is only the Lord Christ Who has *all* the answers and to Whom we can and must appeal *constantly* for help.

First in our self-psychiatry we should like to list some of the major pitfalls which occur in the human psyche. They are not admitted in polite society, but they are a fact. The rapacious conditions which we sadly observe in human society are but the outpicturings of the psychic knots, some of which lie submerged in every unredeemed human being. The fact that many have glossed over the surface and swept those carnal relics under the rug does not need to confuse us. For as in ourselves, so in others, it is a fact that both the world psyche and each individual human is a mixture today of divine qualities battling to surface through a crystallized shell of compulsions stemming from the days when jungle law reigned supreme.

The following list is taken from a case-study in depth of a

man who found himself the possessor of a very high degree of Spiritual understanding but the victim--alas—of seemingly insurmountable compulsions for self which constantly belied the Divine principles which he knew and loved. This conflict inevitably led to escapism in various forms, the most obvious being sex-abuse, alcohol, and racketeering for money to keep his personal show going. Finding himself at age fifty close to the bottom of human experience, he took himself in hand, and the following somber collection of errors was segregated in his psyche:

1 — Egotism

2 — Self-love

3 — Self-indulgence

4 — Self-centeredness (all motivation and judgment hinged on what would benefit self)

5 — Arrogance (necessary in order to maintain his sad fantasy)

6 — Show-off

7 — Hypocrisy

8 — Self-righteousness

9 —Perversion of Truth

10 — Evasion

11 — Dishonesty (both monetary and emotional)

12 — Mooch (both m onetary and emotional)

13 — Vampirism (an outgrowth of mooch)

14 — Self-pity (result of the results of the foregoing, which were indeed pitiable)

15 — Materialism (higher satisfactions were stifled)

16 — Superficiality (a form of escapism)

17 — Weakness (inability to stand for what he knew)

18 — Lack of purpose in life (no real creative urge)

19 — Mother-complex (leaning both emotionally and Spiritually on the on ly person who would put up with him)

20 — Double standard for men and women (women were created to serve him)

21 — Desire to manipulate others

22 — Use of the Spiritual Power for self instead of for the

Whole (this is the prince of errors. In fact it is the Antichrist).

An ugly crew? Existent only in the lowest strata of society? Well, to her credit be it said that a prominent and respected lady-attorney xeroxed this list and put it on her wall, referring to it not only in her dealings with others but—bless her for a great Soul—for her own benefit as well.

So let us know that all human beings are *more or less* in the same boat today. All on earth are engaged in the same battle; and blessed are they who see the battle as it is and are not wasting their life-breath maintaining that it is not so.

Our message is twofold. Find the truths of God and Man at all costs. And having touched the hem of that gatment, instead of setting up as a perfected specimen and trying to impress this upon the neighbors, let us share what we have with whomsoever will receive it, yes. BUT, let our main thrust be to relieve the race of *our own* particular personal quota of error, substituting therefore a spark of Light which recognizes, stands for, and is battling to embody and ensoul the Truths of Be-ing, which are all-victorious.

Much of this work will be done in the silence of our own soul. "Commune with thine own heart upon thy bed and be still," says the Christian Bible. That is what the night is for. During the day we cope with the results of our previous consciousness —the events streaming over the screen of our earth-picture. At night we are free. But Nature has provided excess hours of darkness, would we but use them. During the night we are free. Free to visualize the drama of our own Be-ing and to face up to exactly where we stand in the arena. And free to apply the Christ Truth in the areas of our psyche which we would fain not look at but which, if we courageously analyze and heal them, will save us from almost endless bondage in resultant earth experience. People enjoy drama. They even enjoy battle if they think they can win. We *can* win over ourselves; and believe us, dear friends, each inch of progress will yield untold satisfaction forevermore.

There is one Individual Whom we can safely lean on, and only one. That is the great and dear Lord Christ who went *all*

the way to share with us His knowledge of our Divine Reality and of the way for us to establish this in our life experience. We can call on Him, receive His very Essence, and *embody* Him with perfect safety; for He will connect us with our Father-Mother Source Who is the Cause of All, and the unifying with Whom is our complete fulfillment both in this world and in all the worlds to come, which are infinite.

As a guide to this unification, He has given us a road-map —the Lord's Prayer. This prayer is the perfect psychiatric treatment. Each clause can be worked upon for years, and it is graduated to meet us as we grow from beginners to responsible citizens of Eternity. It should be the framework of our meditation, and if it is used in this way it will carry us step by step to perfected Wholeness. We do not recommend limiting our meditation to any specific wording, even to the transcendent wording of this masterful prayer. In meditation one's own inspiration is best of all. But if nothing comes, we can always fall back upon a clause of this prayer and use it as a takeoff for the wordless communion which constitutes true meditation.

Whatever our method or our wording, it is unification with the Christ Universal which is our goal and which brings our healing. As the great Lord said "I and my Father are one," so we too, when we contact the Garment of the Christ, are unified with our Parent Source and fulfilled as perfect individuals. Because of our intrinsic nature as Sons and Daughters of the Most High, this happy state will be seen to exist in us as soon as we remove the blocks which primitive thinking and emoting have set up to separate us from our Source and from our God-given Lord, Christ Jesus.

Meditation—earnest, deep, and *continuous*, is our tool for this work. *Turn Within*, dear friends. Call on the great Lord Christ and *stand* on your unification with Him. He will answer you—but generously, lovingly, and with Healing in His very Presence. And this Healing is yours forevermore.

(From WHO, ME? A Handbook of Spiritual Psychiatry, by Florence De Groat)

BEYOND THE HIGHER STATES OF CONSCIOUSNESS

Gopi Krishna

EVEN with its nuclear arsenals and contamination of air, water and earth, it is not science that has become destructive; it is the distortion and vitiation of the human intellect that is responsible for the present unsafe situation of the world.

Knowledge can be both constructive and destructive. The ultimate arbiter is the human intellect. This is the reason why revelation has always been a necessary instrument for the spiritual progress of the race. Intellect, unable to see centuries or even only decades ahead, cannot determine the evolutionary needs of mankind. It is liable to make serious errors in calculation at any time.

Human life is so complex and the course of evolution so full of bewildering situations that it is only a cosmic intelligence that can guide it rightly to the destined goal. Can even a whole galaxy of the highest intellects, in every branch of knowledge, make an accurate forecast of what would be the state of mankind after the span of only the next quarter of a century? Or even what changes will occur in current concepts of science, politics, and religion?

If not, doesn't it plainly signify that the race is drifting toward an indeterminable goal at the mercy of forces over which it has no control?

The error of science has been that it has entirely ignored the spiritual side of man and devoted all its attention to the physical and organic fields. The outcome is that mankind faces a threat of annihilation on one side, or death by poisoned air, water, and earth on the other, and of mental distortion on the third.

On the political side, it has become a seething cauldron of aggression, violence, lust for power, and hate. On the spiritual and moral side, we see confusion rampant everywhere. There are as many ideas, concepts, systems, and doctrines as there are scholars or teachers expounding them.

It is not surprising, therefore, that science has failed to

create that homogeneity and that clarity of thought which is essential for the harmonious progress of mankind in the social, political, and spiritual fields.

SCIENCE today is suffering from the same distemper of mind which affected faith during the period of her supremacy, namely dogmatism, vanity, and arrogance. It is amazing to what extent even scientists can be led astray by vanity. They understand very well that all we know about the visible cosmos is but a drop in the possible ocean of knowledge. Not a year passes when they are not forced to revise their opinions about certain issues.

But with all this uncertainty, most of them display a dogmatic attitude toward mind and consciousness. It is chiefly because science has been onesided in this investigation—ignoring the spiritual side of man—that it has failed to bring about that wholesome transformation in the mental and moral sides as it has in the physical.

The neglect of the material side brought about the fall of the once highly honored sovereign faiths of mankind. In the same way, the neglect of the spiritual side is now tending to undermine the position of ascendancy gained by science.

In either case, it was the intellect that failed to assess the position correctly and erred in overemphasizing only one side of man and neglecting the equally important other side.

Therefore, it is not science itself but the overweening vanity and shortsightedness of savants and scholars—or, in other words, a faulty intellect—that is responsible for the destructiveness of modern technology.

The first thing that should be done to bring about a harmonious development of human beings and the eradication of present-day irrational beliefs in the spiritual realm is to embark on a scientific investigation into consciousness.

There is a huge volume of literature available in both the East and the West, describing methods for attaining the higher states of consciousness and the nature of these higher states. A documentary research into these volumes, followed by system-

atic experimentation, can, I am sure, lead to an understanding of the biological relationship between expanded states of consciousness and the brain.

When this is achieved, the next step would be to find the laws underlying this relationship. Enough material would be available, when this is done, to enable scholars and scientists to determine the path and the goal of evolution designed for mankind. They would then be able to understand the nature of the changes imperceptibly occurring in the brain and consciousness.

It is not only by experimentation on the methods leading to higher states of consciousness, but also by the observation of the psychic forces responsible for genius, mediumistic faculties, and insanity, that these evolutionary processes can be understood.

The all-inclusive nature of sex energy has not yet been correctly understood by psychologists. In fact, the very term reproductive, or sex, energy is a misnomer. Reproduction is but one of the aspects of the life energy, of which the other theater of activity is the brain. The cephalic activity is so slow and subtle as to be almost imperceptible. But it is this activity that is the cause of genius, uncanny psychic powers, and also insanity.

ONCE this fact is empirically demonstrated, we come to a turning point in our present concepts about mind and consciousness—even about matter and the universe as a whole.

The first harvest of this change will be the beginning of a new science dealing with subtle intelligent energies in the cosmos. When this happens, the gigantic physical world—now dominating the whole mental horizon of science—will be relegated to its proper position. It is but the visible peak of an infinite creation, of which the unbounded major part is sunk below the surface of the space-time ocean, forever hidden from the sight of man.

It is only in higher states of consciousness that a fragment of the submerged portion comes into view, causing a state of wonder and exhilaration which is beyond description. It is only when the evolving human organism and the cosmos are viewed in right perspective that the appropriate ways of life and conduct, favor-

able for this transformation, can be devised as science.

Try as we might, without a clear knowledge of the goal ahead, we can by no exercise of the intellect determine the right pattern of life essential for mankind on the evolutionary path: a united world, abolition of war, demolition of armaments, disbandment of armies. An environment more in harmony with nature. A life more natural and simple. Removal of barriers between man and man, inculcation of altruistic and humanitarian principles, moral education, social equality and universal brotherhood. These are some of the basic factors that contribute to the harmonious progress of mankind.

This may appear idealistic or even fantastic and impracticable to many people. But the conclusion is unavoidable. At its present intellectual stature, the alternatives facing the race are either self-caused annihilation with dreadful agony for myriads, or knowledge of and obedience to the laws of evolving consciousness.

TURN TO HIM

Ann D. Franklin

When you sometimes feel defeated,
And the world seems rather grim,
Just seek a quiet corner,
And turn your thoughts to Him.

In quiet contemplation,
With thoughts directed high,
Life will surely brighten,
Negating every sigh.

THE SENSE OF SPIRIT

Sylvia Argow

The sense of spirit cannot be moved
When we rest our ear to the ground
And hear the singing stream
Dashing against the rocks.
Walk tall, and free
The downtrodden unfailing grass.
Believe in yourself
And overcome all struggles
Leading to fortitudes in life.
Restore the powers within,
As human love will
Ever have the strength
Of achievement in God's Grace.
What is sacred is stored within us
And what is in the ALL KNOWING
Expands our powers
Doubting the impossible.
Light is seen by all
Who allow entrance,
And a deep belief in ourselves
Ushers in a meaningful life,
As we open the secret door
Of consciousness.

Thoughts are like plants: They need constant care.
— Aarno Davidson

BOOK REVIEW by Betty Miller Daly

Wisdom of the Mystic Masters by Joseph J. Weed (Parker Publishing Company, West Nyack, N.Y., 1968, $5.95)

Joseph Weed says he wrote this book to help those who read it achieve a fuller, better life. It does that. *Wisdom of the Mystic Masters* is a condensation of Joseph Weed's thirty years of study in the Rosicrucian Order. The teachings of the Rosicrucian Order are a fine distillation of the harvest of dedicated seekers for many hundreds of years. This book is designed for those of us who have not had the time to collect for ourselves the wisdom garnered by those who placed their search for God above everything else.

Each of the fourteen chapters reflects a different facet of spiritual development. Chapter Nine, "The Power of Prayer," is vital to those who seek to pray with intelligence; and it is the chapter I would like to review for readers of *FIP*.

Mr. Weed says that all of us can pray successfully when we have been shown how. He then proceeds in a few short pages to show his readers how to pray. He analyzes prayer and explains it governing natural laws. He says that almost all prayers have one thing in common: they look to another for help. By implication they confess inability to help ourselves. Though this may be a shocking concept to some readers, the author says this is where the error lies. He presents the progressive construction of a mental creation—a prayer.

Mr. Weed explains how building pictures in our minds and holding them there for the required time produce manifestations. He explains simply, and almost mathematically, that single creative meditation results in simple manifestation, while large projects may require a hundred creative meditations. He states: "The art of mental creation is an act of mind whereby energy is accumulated and directed toward a desired objective." Mr. Weed does not dwell on negative aspects; he does point out the side-effects received from selfish prayer.

In Chapter Nine, simple categories are made of prayer, the highest form being one for others. Readers are given a concise

discussion of the way to accumulate energy consciously and give it to another. They are told that in this type of prayer one need never fear error of any kind—every giving and sending is good—for no specific requests are ever made. This is a wordless prayer, perhaps one could call it an emotion instead. Once seekers have experimented with this special prayer, I feel most would count it a treasure as dear as life itself. Readers are told that their degree of accomplishment depends upon the amount of energy they are capable of wielding.

Wisdom of the Mystic Masters feeds the reader. It also causes him to hunger and thirst.

"GOD'S PEACE"

Rudolph Ecker

There is a peace that will not cease
Nor from us ere depart
It is the peace that comes from God
It is within our heart.

Now all do not have perfect peace
Because they will not trust
In God to do his will in them
Instead of their own lust.

The earthly peace that's made of man
All hope for it is past
Ask for the peace of God instead
It will forever last.

THE STONE WAS CALLED THOMAS

Zelma S. Dennis

The winter days of my despairing tears
Fell like a veiling shroud upon my mind.
My heart entombed and darkened by my fears
Protested the miracle that I might find.

Had I not seen before the radiant word
Made flesh in truth my God's revealing light?
Yet sorrow, unbelief held me inured
And doubt was overpowering with its might.

The hours of uncertainty ruled thought,
Prayer sought my lips and yet they failed to speak.
Within my soul new hope and faith I sought,
I struggled in the depths where life seemed bleak.

Remove the stone of doubt that blocks the way
To life reborn within renascent Spring.
Take from my heart the winter grief this day
For I believe Divine Love's answering.

NOTICES AND COMMENT

RECOVERING. Executive Director Paul Griffith suffered a mild heart attack early in December and has been recuperating at his home in Princeton, New Jersey. As of the first of February, he will be resuming his duties. In the meanwhile, he wants to thank everyone for their thoughts and prayers.

ADDITIONS TO THE LIBRARY. Librarian Gordon Belding reports that the Fellowship's library has recently received copies of COSMIC RELIGION by Jung Young Lee *(Philosophical Library, 15 E. 40 Street, New York, N. Y. 10016, price $4.50)* and also Advisor Aarno Davidson's AGAINST THE STREAM *(Pettet Publishing, Sun Valley, Calif., price $5.50).*

SILVER BOOK AVAILABLE. Rabbi Samuel M. Silver's book, WHEN YOU SPEAK ENGLISH YOU'RE OFTEN TALKING HEBREW, which was sent free to all paid-up members in December, can be purchased for two dollars a copy if you want to have an extra for yourself or your friends. Please send your check to FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER, 200 East 36 Street, New York, N. Y. 10016.

ARE YOU MOVING OR HAVE YOU MOVED? If so, won't you please let us know what your new address is? If you will notify us in advance, we will be able to see to it that your copy of the bimonthly reaches you without interruption. During the past month several copies have been returned to us because the addressee has moved.

EXPIRATIONS. We hope, of course, that you will want to renew your subscription when it expires. Since the postage rate continues to increase, and since we are a nonprofit organization, we cannot afford to go on sending copies to those who do not for whatever reason want them. So, please, if you do not want to receive the bimonthly publication, do let us know.

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THE HEARTH

Vivian M. Singerling

I gaze
into spectral heat waves
from the hearth
where hangs our destiny -
The black kettle of life
swings above
the warming flames of fire.
What is embodied
in that strong cast-iron pot?
At times
emitting sweet aromas
of thought – kindness – love.
Wind changes
and the air is fouled
with greed – contempt – hate.
Where is the draft
of intrepid faith
to fan the spiritual embers
of the hearth?